

THERE IS NO JUSTICE....

the closing statement of Political Prisoner



RICHARD WILLIAMS

AT THIS point it is customary for defendants to plead for mercy, say they are sorry, or to argue extenuating circumstances. I won't make a plea for mercy. I expect none, and won't get any- because I am not repentant. I am not guilty.

CLEARLY, THIS was a political trial, and I, a political prisoner. Judge, you did your best to deny this, criminalize me, and keep the politics out. So too did the prosecution.

THIS COURT was turned into an armed camp and the town virtually taken over by State police throughout the months of both trials. There were four fully armed police in the defendants well. There numerous plainclothes police in the audience, and scores of uniformed police in the hallways of this building and out in the street. There were even snipers on the roofs in full battle-dress, in full view of the public. This show of force had one purpose and it had nothing to do with security: it was to portray me as a highly dangerous person. It was meant to predjudice the Jury, the press, the public, and to scare the witnesses.

THIS WAS a trial by force and fear that had nothing to do with justice. My single person could not justify all these police.

I'VE GONE through four trials as a political prisoner in various courts- two trials being here. And never have I made any overt act, or was violent, or was a problem in the court. Yet, every time I scratched, numerous police in court reacted. It was all meant to scare the jury, and your refusal to recognize this is a clear indication of your willing complicity in my frame-up.

YOU CLAIM to be an arbiter and not a participant, but your actions, decisions, and inactions belie that. You drastically limited my voir dire*, the reason being, you claimed, that there hadn't been any recent publicity, and that the town had forgotten the last trial. I've got to give you credit- you said it with a straight face! You chose to ignore the fact that the town was an armed camp through both trials. Theres no way this area could ever forget that, and this was the area the jury was drawn from. The prospective jurors had to wade through

all these cops just to get in! You ignored booklets, TV and print interviews over these last five years propounding the states views. At one point, every Republican voter in the state got a flier declaring Tom Manning and I guilty. If you had wanted a fair trial, you would have granted me extensive voir dire and not cut it back.

I BELIEVE you took Judge Young's remarks to heart, at the end of the 1989 Seditious Conspiracy trial in Springfield, Massachussetts. After we had won that trial, he said, if he had it to do over again, he would have cut the voir dire. Meaning, he did not like the verdict. You didnt like the hung jury at my first trial here, so you insured we could not weed out prejudicial jurors. They had to be biased, and it showed in their verdict. You granted most of our requests on procedure, because they were reasonable, and to deny them might mean a reversal later.

IN THE first trial, you denied us funds for expert testimony, when clearly we needed it. You were forced to give us funds this time because of an appellate decision. But you severely limited those funds.

THE STATES' case was all circumstantial and wholly relied on "expert" testimony. Hundreds of thousands of dollars was spent by the State on experts alone. We were allowed a pittance- a drop in the bucket.

YOU PERMITTED all my witnesses and supporters to be harrassed, and you wouldn't stop it when told about it. You said you didn't see it, so you couldn't act. You didn't see the shooting, but you sure made plenty of decisions around it.

THE CIVILIAN witnesses to the shooting obviously decided I must have done it and this show of force, I feel, pushed them that way. They blatantly tailored thier testimony. Thier first reports to the police claimed there was 2 or 3 people outside the car, and 3 people inside the car. At the first trial, this changed to 2 or 3 people total. This time around, they all have selective memories. They now claim only 2 people, and when called on their previous testimony, they all "didn't remember". They all conformed to the states assertions.

THE VERDICT was crazy. It was based on no logic or fact. Tom Manning stated he did the shooting. Yet, even tho I was never identified as the shooter, I get convicted for it. There was more than enough reasonable doubt not to convict. The States' case was all theory, and Tom refuted the States' contention convincingly. But, obviously, the jury has a bias. I think they took four days of deliberation to justify in their own minds their predjudice. They were convinced- convinced I was guilty for reasons other than fact.

DURING THE last trial, you stated Tom and I were hypocritical in demanding our rights, when we were dedicated to the overthrow of the government. As if the two things were contradictory. Yes, the government is corrupt and needs overthrowing, but don't expect us to put our heads on the block for you to chop off without putting up a fight. As guerrillas, we will endeavor to fight our best with whatever weapons come to hand on whatever terrain or setting we find orselves on.

THERE IS no justice in US courts for political prisoners, poor people, or people of color. We will fight on, no matter. When denied justice, we will insist on it even if we don't get it. If everyone had equal rights, and justice, then there might be less need for people like us. Revolutionaries are not created in a vacuum: when change is needed, there will be those of us who will effect that change- whether the status quo wants it or not.

I AM no terrorist. I fight for equality of the races and sexes. I fight for the end of US imperialism. I fight for the kind of social system that is fair to all.

I've never done serious physical harm to anyone in my life. Ive never shot anyone**. And I repeat: I am not guilty. I did not shoot trooper Lomonaco.

ALL EFFORTS to break my spirit with isolation in prison, with isolation from my family and friends, with numerous trials, has failed. Labeling me a terrorist and falsly convicting me of murder will not weaken my resolve. I close with the apt words of William Henly:

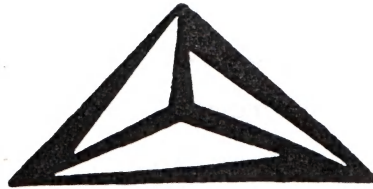
INVICTUS

(Unconquered)

Out of the night that covers me
 Black as the pit from pole to pole
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced or cried aloud
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody but unbowed.

It matters not how strait the gait
 How charged with punishments the scroll
 I am the master of my fate
 I am the captain of my soul.



All typos and misspellings sole property of
 Friends of Political Prisoners
 Box 3113 Madison, WI 53704

Write to Richard!
 Richard Williams/79372/2B1
 cn 861
 TSP, Trenton, NJ, 08625

*Voir Dire: questioning a potential
 juror or witness to ascertain competence,
 bias, or previous exposure to the case

**Richard chose prison over Viet Nam.

There are over 150 political prisoners in the United States. They are held in some of the worst prisons in the country, in conditions of extreme isolation. This situation exists because the general public, and much of the Left, refuse to intervene on these comrades behalf. Richards trial garnered not one inch of press in the US "alternative" press. The trials, repression, and isolation continue.....

RICHARD WILLIAMS



I am 41 years old, born November 4, 1947 in Beverly, Ma. which is a small coastal town 20 miles north of Boston. I am the oldest of 2 children in my family. My sister who is 6 years younger than I is now married and has 2 children. I am a divorced father of 3 children--Netdake who is 12, Henekis who is 9 and Richard who is 18 by a previous marriage. My father was a machine operator and my mother was a seamstress and factory worker. She also took in foster children for a while. My parent separated shortly after my sister was born. My mother, sister and I went to live in a cold water apartment. Money was very tight. Back then welfare was very different. There weren't food stamps but we were given government surplus food such as powdered milk (which I never got used to) velveta cheese, spam and peanutbutter, For a long time I viewed those things as a treat as we were lucky to get them. My mother was made to feel like

she was a beggar when it came to applying for welfare so she did everything she could to not have to go down to city hall and ask for assistance. She got very little support from my father. My mother made sure we got food to eat but I know that she went without herself many times to feed us. I can remember going to bed with my mother and sandwiching my infant sister between us and hugging to stay warm on cold winter nights. Peer and parental pressure and the frustration of trying to make ends meet when there was no way she could, forced my mother to reconcile with my father against her will. In the space of two years I went from a rat trap apartment to a one-family home. I had moved 4 times in that space of time and had attended 3 different elementary schools. My father had a drinking problem and he was violent at times especially with my mother and me. My sister was spared the violence as he knew he wouldn't get away with it. Needless to say he and I did not get along well and I was getting wild. I went to school only up to the 11th grade having missed a year due to a stint in reform school. I left home at 18 and went to live in Boston. Beverly was basically an all-white city at the time and it was a very racist environment. When I went to reform school at 15 I had my eyes opened up and my prejudices blown away. I met kids of all different colors and got along with them fine. I had nor previously had the opportunity to know many black people. And being a product of my surroundings I had many racist attitudes. It is hard for any white person brought up in North America to say they are absolutely free of racism but I will say I lost a lot of my racist attitudes there in reform school. I really liked some of those kids regardless of their color. So upon getting out of there and returning to Beverly I found it very stifling, very small town, very racist. I had outgrown many of their petty attitudes. I just sort of marked time until I was 18 at which time I left, as I had previously said. Shortly after leaving home and only a few weeks after turning 18 I received my draft notice. I did not go in for my physical. I wasn't really politically motivated at the time but I did not understand the war and I wasn't going. At the time--1966--I was part of the counter-culture. Tune in, turn on, drop out. It was the hippy era. It was a fun time for me. I met many good people and had a real mellow time of it. But it didn't last. At 20 I was arrested for drugs of which one drug, marijuana, was a felony at the time in Massachusetts even though it was under an ounce. After spending two months in jail I was brought to trial and was basically told by the judge that if I consented to sign up for the armed forces that my arrest would be expunged from the record. The choice I had was that or six months in jail. I took the six months in jail without a qualm because then I was totally against the war and because of the felony conviction I was exempted from eligibility. I continued to get into trouble until I went to prison in 1971 sentenced to 7-15 years for a robbery. After I got into the prison and had settled down to do my time I came to realize that if I didn't change my outlook, my values and goals I would stay on in an endless cycle of in and out of jail. I started with trying to better the conditions around me (the prison) which were terrible. I also began to read alot, something I had never really done before. I applied my newfound knowledge. I became a prison activist. Hence I spent alot of time locked in my cell for supposed infractions and for participatinf in work and food strikes. My polètics were formed on the hard edge of prison struggles of the early '70's--Attica, George and Jonathan Jackson and so on. I helped establish a clandestine inner prison lending library made up of books sent to me and

others by different bookstores who at the time sent free books to prisoners. Many were political books. I was part of study groups that met to discuss the books we read. I was elected chairperson of the short-lived inside New England Prisoners' Association of New Hampshire State Prison. So after 5 years of lock ups, ship outs and of helping in a small way to better conditions inside I was let out. I got out with the clothes on my back, \$80 and not much else. With the initial help of my friends and my own initiative I began life on the outside again but I was a different person from when I went in. Recidivism which is very high is at its highest right after a prisoner gets out. Because after a stint in jail it's easier for someone to fall back to the old ways because it's all they know. It takes a lot of determination to start up new and forget the old ways and not fall back on them when the going gets tough which it invariably will. That's why many people go back to prison so soon after getting out because they go back to the way they know best--the same thing that got them in in the first place. There are just not that many incentives to want to change. Soon after I got out I went to work for New England Free Press for a period of almost 2 years. After that I worked as a spraypainter, carpenter and mover. I did not affiliate myself with any political group or organizations but I did make it a point to check out the various groups in the Boston area. While I was in prison I had formed definitive views on armed struggle. Views that I tested out on these various groups. I found out that while many people supported armed struggle abroad they wouldn't even want to seriously discuss it in context to armed struggle here in the United States-- inside the belly of the beast, the importer of world-wide violence and terror. I'm proud to say that I participated in the Amandla Concert in Harvard Stadium in July of 1979. It was a benefit for the aid of Southern Africa liberation forces starring Bob Marley and the Wailers, Tito Puente and Olatungi. My mind was made up even when I was in prison that I would join the armed clandestine movement at the first opportunity. And if I had to wait for some years to do it then I would wait but I never lost sight that I would eventually join it. I went underground at the beginning of 1981 and was captured on November 4, 1984 on my 37th birthday. I have been in prison for 4 years now. Two years ago I and 5 others were convicted of bombing various military reserves and corporate headquarters of some of the worst multi-national companies such as IBM and Union Carbide. I received some 45 years. I am presently in Hartford going to trial in Springfield for Seditious Conspiracy and RICO. After the trial I am to go for a retrial in New Jersey probably in 1990 for the death of a New Jersey State Trooper. The first trial was ruled a mistrial when 7 of the 12 jurors voted for my acquittal. We continue to fight these charges to the best of our ability in and out of court even though it seems endless at times. We will win-- Venceremos!



Richard Williams
79372-SH
CN 861
Trenton, NJ 08625

F R I E N D S O F R I C H A R D W I L L I A M S
40 Lispenard Street New York City 10013 212-226-5565

POLITICAL PRISONER RICHARD WILLIAMS

is serving a federal sentence of 45 years for the bombings of US and South African military and corporate buildings. In September 1990, he faces a second trial for the shooting death of New Jersey State Trooper Philip Lamonaco in December 1981. The first trial ended in a mistrial with the jury deadlocked and a majority of them voting for acquittal. Thomas Manning explained during the first trial that he had been stopped by Trooper Lamonaco on Route 80 and identified as a political fugitive. The trooper shot at Tom, and Tom fired back, killing the trooper in self-defense. Tom Manning is now serving multiple life sentences, isolated in a control unit, at Trenton State Prison. Richard Williams was not present on Route 80 and the only reasons for a second trial are official malice and vindictiveness. Richard Williams, along with Raymond and Patricia Levasseur were acquitted in November 1989 of Seditious Conspiracy, in an expensive, two-year federal trial in Springfield, Massachusetts.

"It is clear that there are two sets of laws when it comes to the handling of political prisoners, that even the courts uphold. There is the written law and there is the unwritten law that the authorities practice in their special treatment of me and hundreds of others like me in US prisons."

**Richard Williams
April 1990**



FRIENDS OF RICHARD WILLIAMS

look at this trial as part of the continuing effort by the US government to deny the reality of political prisoners and keep them locked away in isolation. The Human Rights violations suffered by the hundreds of political prisoners in the USA make a long and saddening list. They are held isolated in control units, denied contact with family members and children, refused medical treatment and physically abused in the name of security.

We are ready to tell Richard Williams' side of the story: to make his life as a revolutionary and his ideas of social justice a part of this upcoming trial.

F R I E N D S O F R I C H A R D W I L L I A M S
40 Lispenard Street New York City 10013 212-226-5565



RICHARD WILLIAMS

79372-SH MCU
CN 861
Trenton, NJ 08625

... serving 45 years for the actions of the United Freedom Front, Richard was acquitted of Sedition in November 1989.

Richard is in total isolation, denied all contact visits, in Trenton, New Jersey, where he will be retried for the shooting of a state trooper.